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GOD KNOWETH BEST.

The world is as we find it,
Whether for ill or good;
The path is oft-times stony,
Leads oft-times up the hill;
But when we reach the summit,
And find there peace and rest,
We then forget the journey
And feel God knoweth best.

The world is as we take it,
Whether for good or ill;
The path lies through the brambles,
And often through the wood;
But if we look beyond it,
Where shines the light of day,
We'll bravely journey onward;
"God knoweth best"—we say.

The world is as we make it;
We reap both good and ill;
The seed we sow in passing
Up-springs from wood and hill;
Before we reach the summit
The flowers may be but weeds,
Unless we tread with gladness
God's path—He knows our needs.